



Vol. XII.

Richmond, Va., March, 1884.

Nos. 3.

**Last Letters and Telegrams of the Confederacy—Correspondence of
General John C. Breckinridge.**

[We are indebted to Hon. C. R. Breckinridge for copying and verifying from the originals the following letters and telegrams which were among the last in the official correspondence of his distinguished father, the last Secretary of War of the Confederacy :]

GREENSBORO', 25th.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge,—The officers named shall be sent.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

This paper is endorsed as follows in my father's handwriting :

" Mill. Papers, April, 1865." " They did not come."

GREENSBORO', Apl. 26, 7 A M.

General J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary War,—I am going to meet General Sherman at the same place.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

GREENSBORO', April 24th.

Hon. Jno. C. Breckinridge, Sec. War,—I telegraphed you yes-

terday that Gen'l Sherman informed me he expected his messenger to return from Washington to-day. Please answer.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

GREENSBORO', Apl. 24th.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge,—Gen'l Johnston directs me to remain in this office to ascertain if you can decipher the telegram. You will please notify me, that I may report to him.

D. S. RYAN, Opr. for Gen'l J.

GREENSBORO, Apl. 25th, 11:30 A. M.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Sec'ty of War,—I have proposed to Gen'l Sherman military negotiations in regard to this army.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

GREENSBORO, April 25, 10 A. M.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Sec. War,—Your dispatch received. We have to save the people, save the blood of the army, and save the high civil functionaries. Your plan, I think, can only do the last. We ought to prevent invasion, make terms for our troops, and give an escort of our best cavalry to the President, who ought to move without loss of a moment. Commanders believe the troops will not fight again. We think your plan impracticable. Major-General Wilson, U. S. A., has captured Macon, with Major-Generals Cobb and G. W. Smith, Brigadiers Mackall, Mercer, and the garrison. Federal papers announce capture of Mobile, with three thousand prisoners.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

[Cypher.]

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 24, 1865, 11 P. M.

Gen'l J. E. Johnston, Greensboro, N. C.,—Does not your suggestion about disbanding refer to the infantry and most of the artillery? If it be necessary to disband these, they might still save their small arms and find their way to some appointed rendezvous. Can you not bring off the cavalry, and all the men you can mount from the transportation and other animals, with some light field pieces? Such a force could march away from Sherman, and be strong enough to encounter anything between us and the southwest. If this course be possible, carry it out, and telegraph your intended route.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Sec. of War.

The above is all my father's hand, and is endorsed by him simply
"Mill. Papers—April, 1865." C. R. B.

MAY 3d, 1865—Half mile west of Savannah Bridge, 8 P. M.

Dear Sir,—I have not heard from you in answer to my note of this day, and the condition of things here, together with great fatigue, have prevented my going forward.

Nothing can be done with the bulk of this command. It has been with difficulty that anything has been kept in shape. I am having the silver paid to the troops, and will in any event save the gold and have it brought forward in the morning, when I hope Judge Reagan will take it.

Many of the men have thrown away their arms. Most of them have resolved to remain here under Vaughn and Dibblell, and will make terms. A few hundred men will move on and may be depended on for the object we spoke of yesterday. I would respectfully and earnestly repeat the suggestions I then made. Let me know if you desire me to adopt any other course than that proposed. If you are at Washington, or this side, I can ride forward in the morning to see you.

Yours very truly,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, Sec. of War.

To President Davis.

Official: *Wm. J. Davis*, A. A. G.

P. S.—9 P. M.—Your note of 3:15 P. M. this date just received. What I have written above explains condition of affairs. The specie train could not have been moved on but for the course adopted. Out of nearly four thousand men present but a few hundred could be relied on, and they were intermixed with the mass. Threats have just reached me to seize the whole amount, but I hope the guard at hand will be sufficient.

(Signed)

J. C. B.

This paper is endorsed in the same hand as the paper itself, which, I presume is that of Major Davis: "Copy of communication from Sec'y of War to the President. May, 3rd, 1865."

C. R. B.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }
War Department, 1½ Miles west of Savannah Bridge, Geo., }
May 3, '65. }

[Extract Special Order No. —.]

Maj. E. C. White, Senior Q. M., will take charge of silver (in

specie and bullion) belonging to the Government, and estimated at one hundred and eight thousand, three hundred and twenty-two $\frac{9}{10}$ dollars (\$108,322.90).

He will distribute the specie, proportionably, to the troops present upon certified returns of the strength of their commands by the several brigade commanders. He will correctly estimate the value of the bullion in coin; and will pay in gold, placed in his hands for the purpose, as above required for the distribution of the silver in specie.

By command of the Sec'y of War.

(Signed)

W. J. DAVIS, A. A. G.

For Maj. White, Q. M.

This is endorsed in the same hand as the previous paper, No. 8, and as follows: "War Dep't C. S., May 3rd, 1865. Extract Special Order No. —. (Copy.) Directs Maj. White, Q. M., to take charge of Gov't silver, and pay to troops, &c. A true copy—Wm. J. Davis, A. A. G."

The signature confirms that this and other papers are correctly construed as Maj. D—'s handwriting.

C. R. B.

GREENSBORO', 23 April.

Gen'l J. C. Breckinridge,—Gen. Sherman writes that he expects the return of his officer from Washington to-morrow.

J. E. JOHNSTON.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 23, 1865.

To His Excellency the President:

Sir,—In obedience to your request, I have the honor to submit my advice on the course you should take upon the memorandum or basis of agreement made on the 18th inst., by and between Gen. J. E. Johnston, of the Confederate States Army, and Gen. W. T. Sherman, of the United States Army, provided that paper should receive the approval of the Government of the United States.

The principal army of the Confederacy was recently lost in Virginia. Considerable bodies of troops not attached to that army have either dispersed or marched toward their homes, accompanied by many of their officers. Five days ago the effective force in infantry and artillery of General Johnston's army was but 14,770 men, and it continues to diminish. That officer thinks it wholly impossi-

ble for him to make any head against the overwhelming forces of the enemy. Our ports are closed and the sources of foreign supply lost to us. The enemy occupy all or the greater part of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, and move almost at will through the other States to the east of the Mississippi. They have recently taken Selma, Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, and other important towns, depriving us of large depots of supplies and of munitions of war. Of the small force still at command many are unarmed, and the ordnance department cannot furnish 5,000 stand of small arms. I do not think it would be possible to assemble, equip and maintain an army of 30,000 men at any point east of the Mississippi. The contest, if continued after this paper is rejected, will be likely to lose entirely the dignity of regular warfare. Many of the States will make such terms as they may; in others, separate and ineffective hostilities may be prosecuted, while war, wherever waged, will probably degenerate into that irregular and secondary stage out of which greater evils will flow to the South than to the enemy.

For these, and for other reasons which need not now be stated, I think we can no longer contend with a reasonable hope of success. It seems to me the time has arrived when, in a large and clear view of the situation, prompt steps should be taken to put a stop to the war. The terms proposed are not wholly unsuited to the altered condition of affairs. The States are preserved, certain essential rights secured, and the army rescued from degradation.

It may be said that the agreement of the 18th instant contains certain stipulations which you cannot perform. This is true, and it was well understood by General Sherman that only a part could be executed by the Confederate authorities. In any case, grave responsibilities must be met and assumed. If the necessity for peace be conceded, corresponding action must be taken. The modes of negotiation which we deem regular, and would prefer, are impracticable. The situation is anomalous, and cannot be solved upon principles of theoretical exactitude. In my opinion you are the only person who can meet the present necessities.

I respectfully advise—

1st. That you execute, so far as you can, the second article of the agreement of the 18th instant.

2d. That you recommend to the several States the acceptance of those parts of the agreement upon which they alone can act.

3d. Having maintained, with faithful and intrepid purpose, the

cause of the Confederate States while the means of organized resistance remained, that you return to the States and the people the trust which you are no longer able to defend.

Whatever course you pursue, opinions will be divided. Permit me to give mine. Should these or similar views accord with your own, I think the better judgment will be that you can have no higher title to the gratitude of your countrymen and the respect of mankind than will spring from the wisdom to see the path of duty at this time, and the courage to follow it, regardless alike of praise or blame.

Respectfully and truly your friend,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Sec. of War.

This paper is endorsed: "Charlotte, N. C., April 23, '65. Letter John C. Breckinridge to the President."

This is a copy of the original, and seems to be in the handwriting of Col. James Wilson. Here and there are a few small corrections in the handwriting of my father; as, for instance, an *and* is scratched and above it *or* is placed. This is next to the last word in the letter.

C. R. B.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE E. TENN. CAV. DIV'N.
Lincolnton, N. C., April 23rd, 1865.

General,—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt by flag of truce from you of two communications addressed to Major-General Stoneman, one from Major-General Sherman and one from General J. E. Johnston.

These communications were immediately forwarded to General Stoneman through the Headquarters of this Cavalry Division, and I have no doubt that a reply will be sent by flag of truce within a few days.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Brevet Brigadier-General Commanding Brigade.
Major-General J. C. Breckinridge,
Secretary of War, Charlotte, N. C.

GREENSBORO', April 27th.
Brig.-Gen'l Z. York,—Your dispatch rec'd. Will communi-

cate with you. Forward following to Gen'l Breckinridge immediately.

WADE HAMPTON, Lt.-Gen'l.

GREENSBORO', 27th, 11 P. M.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge,—You gave me orders on 25th to move on my return on 26th. I found Military Convention. I think I am free from its terms by your previous order. Have notified Gen'l Johnston that I will abide by your decision. Am ready to move as ordered. Answer here or Lexington.

WADE HAMPTON, Lt.-Gen'l

This has no endorsement. You perceive, from certain abbreviations, which are not omissions of mine, that the communication was apparently written in haste.

C. R. B.

CATAWBA BRIDGE, April 28th, 1865.

Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War—My Dear Sir,—I send you a dispatch just received from General Hampton, by my A. A. G.

Have the kindness to send me two mounted couriers.

I sent you early this morning by my only courier two dispatches.

Yours, truly,

Z. YORK, Brig. General.

This is from Colonel Hoke, as follows :

HEADQUARTERS CHARLOTTE, April 27th, 1865.

General John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War : Dear Sir,—I send copy of telegram received at 11 o'clock to-day :

GREENSBORO, 27th April.

Brigadier-General Echols,—A military convention has been made by General Sherman and myself terminating hostilities between our commands. Send intelligence to Secretary of War, if you can, and give information to Major-General Stoneman.

(Signed)

J. E. JOHNSTON.

I have sent a flag of truce, with a letter of General Cooper, to General Stoneman.

Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM J. HOKE,
Colonel Com. Post.

CATAWBA BRIDGE, 28th April, 1865.

Hon. Jno. C. Breckinridge, Sec'y of War: My Dear Sir,—I send you a dispatch just received with instructions to deliver it without delay. I have heard nothing from General Wade Hampton except what is mentioned in the enclosed dispatch.

I have answered him at every point along the line, informing that the ferry at this point was in good order and that you had ordered me to hold it till he (General Hampton) came, which I shall do regardless of consequences, unless relieved by your order.

Yours respectfully,

Z. YORK, Brig. Gen'l.

The following paper was first dated 14th April, is all in pencil, and the 1 of 14 was changed, in ink, at the top and bottom, and made a 2. Therefore it reads as follows. I will add that the alteration is evidently old, and may have been made by my father, as his endorsement on the back—"Mill. Papers, April, 1865"—is the only writing in ink contained in this paper. My father likewise endorsed on the back in pencil: "Telegram from General J. E. Johnston—ans'd."

C. R. B.

GREENSBORO', April 24—6:30 P. M.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Sec. War,—I have just rec'd dispatches from Gen. Sherman informing me that instructions from Washington direct him to limit his negotiations to my command, demanding its surrender on the terms granted to Gen. Lee, and notifying me of the termination of the truce in forty-eight hours from noon to-day. Have you (I presume he meant *your*—C. R. B.) instructions. We had better disband this small force to prevent devastation of country.

J. E. JOHNSTON, General.

HD. QRS. GILBERT'S HOUSE, May 2, 1865.

Major-Gen'l J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War: Sir,—For the purpose of executing the orders received from you this evening, it is necessary that I be supplied with public funds, the amount turned over to my disbursing officers having been exhausted. I respectfully request that a portion of the funds be furnished in specie, if practicable.

I have the honor to be, Gen'l, very respectfully your obt. svt.,

BRAXTON BRAGG, Gen'l.

Below appears the following addition in the same hand as the signature, which is different from the body of the communication, and I presume is made by General Bragg himself: C. R. B.

"My own money all in Confed. paper, and very limited.

"B. B."

CHESTER, 27 Ap'l.

Gen. York,—Forward following dispatch by courier to Gen'l Breckinridge.

(Sig.)

WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Company Shops,—Some time ago I notified Gen'l Johnston not to include me in any surrender. You gave me orders to move on (25th). In return I find army surrendered. Think I am free. What is your decision? Answer here and Greensboro.

WADE HAMPTON, Lt. Gen'l.

This is in my father's hand-writing:

C. R. B.

LOVE'S FORD, BROAD RIVER, Ap'l 28th, 1865.

Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton, Greensboro, Lexington, Salisbury, or any other point on line,—Your dispatches of 27th rec'd. The verbal directions to you contemplated your meeting Gen. Johnston, and his action before any convention with enemy. If my letter to him of 25th, which you carried, was not rec'd before completion of terms, the Gov't, with its imperfect knowledge of the facts, cannot interfere as to the body of the troops; but, in regard to yourself, if not present nor consenting, it is the opinion of the Government that you, and others in like condition, are free to come out.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, Sec. of War.

Memoir of General John Bankhead Magruder.

By GENERAL A. L. LONG.

As far back as 1848 the name of Colonel John Bankhead Magruder became familiar to me through the press. He had just returned from Mexico crowned with honor fairly won in the brilliant campaigns of General Scott. But it was not until 1851 that I became personally acquainted with him. He was then in command of Fort

Adams (the guardian of the harbor and town of Newport, Rhode Island). Here he enjoyed a fine field for exercising his high social qualities and fondness for military display. His princely hospitality and the brilliant show-drills with which he entained his visitors made Fort Adams one of the most attractive features of the most celebrated watering place in America. It was, however, not until some years later, when I came under his command, that I learned to appreciate the chivalric character and admire the military ability of Colonel Magruder. This was at Fort Leavenworth, in the fall of 1858, after the suppression of the political troubles in Kansas.

The assemblage of a considerable number of artillery companies at Fort Leavenworth suggested the establishment of a light artillery school at that place, on the plan of the school that had been created at Old Point. On this suggestion the Leavenworth school was established in the spring of 1859. Colonel Dimick, by virtue of his rank, became superintendent of this school. He was an officer remarkable for purity and integrity of character; through a long experience his valor and his piety shone alike conspicuous. Shortly after the establishment of the Leavenworth school, Colonel Dimick was removed to another sphere of duty, and Colonel Magruder became his successor. He was well-fitted for the position to which he had been assigned. His early career in the light artillery service, in companionship with Bragg, Duncan, and Ridgely, impressed upon him a character for dashing and bold qualities, so necessary for the light artillery officers. On the fields of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Buena Vista, and the Valley of Mexico, the brilliant exploits of the artillery filled the army with admiration. There it was that Magruder learned the lessons in artillery that so well fitted him to become the instructor in after-life. Magruder brought with him to Leavenworth the disposition which had characterized him at Newport. Although in the West the brilliant show-drills and dress-parades were often only witnessed by a group of frontiersmen, or a squad of Indians from the plains, he appeared as well satisfied as on similar occasions at Newport, when the spectators were the gay crowd of a fashionable watering-place. The sequel to his military exercises was usually a dinner, provided with all the taste of a connoisseur. There were others at our school entitled to a passing notice, both on account of their military reputation and social character. The great value of the artillery schools at Old Point and Leavenworth cannot be better be illustrated than by referring to some of the names which subsequent events have rendered distin-

guished, such as Bailey, Benson, and Grebble, who, in the brilliant display of their skill, were removed from the theatre of fame when honor was fast gathering about them, while there still remained Hunt, Barry, and some others, in the enjoyment of distinguished reputations.

The light artillery of the United States before the Mexican war was held in but small estimation, but the brilliant service of the batteries of Magruder, Bragg and Duncan during that war raised it to a high degree of popularity, and subsequently, through the influence of the military academy at West Point and the artillery schools at Old Point and Leavenworth, the Federal and Confederate artillery of America acquired a character that was unsurpassed by the artillery of any other nation. In the time of Bonaparte, France took the lead in the improvements of artillery, and during the gigantic wars that convulsed Europe in the reign of Napoleon the First the field artillery of France acquired an excellence that admitted of but little improvement for the succeeding fifty years. After the restoration of peace in Europe many of the leading nations made preparations for the cultivation of the science of war, but the decade from 1850 to 1860 was reserved to produce the most marked improvements in all kinds of artillery. The Crimean war was followed by numerous inventions for modeling and constructing the various implements of war. Among the field artillery of France appeared the twelve-pounder Napoleon gun, and about the same time the Lancaster gun made its appearance in England. The superiority of the Napoleon consists in its power to admit of the indiscriminate use of shell and solid shot, with an increase of metal insufficient to diminish its mobility. The Lancaster gun is constructed with the view of imparting a rotary motion to its projectile, in order to produce accuracy of fire with increased range. Although this gun was practically unsuccessful, it led to the introduction of the rifle cannon, from which immense range and much accuracy was obtained. While the improvements in cannon were in progress, their destructive power was greatly increased by the inventions of various kinds of explosive projectiles. While Europe was engaged in improving and inventing engines of war, America has not been behind in contributing her portion, especially in the improvement of naval and sea-coast guns, of which the Columbia, the Dalghren, the Brooke and Rodman guns are unsurpassed for destructiveness.

Magruder was not a tyrannical schoolmaster, but allowed the officers under his command to dispose of their leisure time as suited

their inclination, and was himself always ready to participate in the amusements of his subalterns.

It was soon evident that the instruction received at West Point, supplemented by that obtained at the Leavenworth and Old Point schools, had raised the United States artillery to a state of efficiency unsurpassed by that of any other nation, as was subsequently demonstrated on many a hard-fight field.

The Leavenworth school continued under the control of Colonel Magruder until it was disintegrated by the violent political excitement that preceded the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln.

At the first note of civil war, which soon followed that event, Colonel Magruder resigned his commission in the United States Army and repaired to his native State, and was seen among the first who offered their services for the defence of Virginia, and soon after he was entrusted with the defence of Yorktown and the peninsula embraced by York river and the James, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

In his new field of operation Magruder displayed great energy and ability in strengthening his position and disciplining his troops. His force, though necessarily small at this early stage of the war, under his masterly hand rose with such rapidity in efficiency that on the 8th of June he was able to encounter and defeat the enemy at Big Bethel in greatly superior numbers. This was the first conflict of arms since the fall of Fort Sumter, and although small in point of numbers, its moral effect was considerable by inspiring the Confederates with confidence, while it had a depressing influence upon the Federals.

After this affair the Federals made no other demonstration on the Peninsula until the ensuing spring; during which period Magruder applied himself with skill and industry to the completion of the defences of his position. He first occupied himself in securing the command of York river by the erection of strong batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester Point, where the river is less than a mile wide; then completed his land defences to the Warwick, near its head, and subsequently extended them down that river to its mouth. The strip of land between the Warwick and the James, being marshy, could easily be rendered difficult, if not impracticable, for military movements by inundation, for which purpose dams were constructed on the Warwick.

Magruder's defences were so complete that when McClellan advanced against them on the 4th of April with his powerful army,

upon a personal examination, he found them too strong to be carried by assault, and therefore determined to reduce them by regular approaches. For that purpose he promptly commenced the erection of his primary batteries beyond the effective range of Magruder's guns (one and a half miles).

At this time Magruder's force did not exceed eleven thousand men, while that of his opponent numbered over a hundred thousand. Notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, Magruder, with matchless audacity, maintained his position for several weeks. Every advance of McClellan was met with such vigor and boldness that he was compelled to retire with loss. His force being evidently inadequate for the permanent maintenance of his position, strong re-enforcements were ordered to his assistance, and General Johnston was directed to assume command of the Peninsula. Magruder, in his report, says that with twenty-five thousand men he could have held his position. Judging from what had preceded, this was clearly no idle boast. It may be here remarked, in the face of his distinguished service, that the omission of Magruder's name is a matter of surprise, when reference is made to the Peninsula campaign.

After General Magruder had resigned the command of the Peninsula to General Johnston, he exhibited the same patriotic zeal as division commander that had characterized him while exercising an independent command. His division, which was trained under his own eye was unsurpassed in discipline and spirit by any other division in the army.

We will now follow General Magruder to the Chickahominy. For his heroic defence of the Peninsula he had been rewarded with the rank of Major-General. The day after the battle of Seven Pines I met Magruder for the first time since the commencement of the war. He did not then possess the dashing nonchalant air that characterized him at Newport, and which he particularly retained at Leavenworth, but he had the mien of a veteran who fully understood the importance of his position. General Lee had just assumed the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and was occupied in the selection of a defensive line. The position that had been chosen by General Johnston with but slight alteration was adopted, and Magruder retained that position that had been previously occupied by his division, that being the one of greatest prominence.

From the 1st to the 25th of June the operations of both armies were of preparatory character. During that interval I was frequently on Magruder's line, and was always impressed with the supe-

rior character of his defences and the soldierly bearing of his troops. But it soon became obvious that Magruder belonged partly to that class of men whose genius, being unshackled, was capable of achieving the most brilliant results; but when overshadowed by authority became paralyzed. This flaw in the character of Magruder became apparent when left in command of the defences before Richmond, while General Lee operated north of the Chickahominy against McClellan's right wing. On the 27th his martial spirit was aroused by the sound of battle from Gaines' Mill, and he boldly left his entrenchment, and made so formidable a demonstration that General McClellan felt it necessary to withhold the reinforcements he had intended to send General Porter at Gaines' Mill. But on the 28th the audacity which was so conspicuous on the Peninsula seemed to abandon him; for he closely hugged his breastworks with thirty thousand men, while McClellan was in active preparations for retreat. The advantage thus gained could never be overcome. On the 29th, however, he became conscious of his mistake, and endeavored to correct it by a vigorous attack on the enemy's rear guard at Savage Station. And on the 31st, at Malvern Hill, Magruder assaulted, with splendid gallantry, the Federal position. His division, in the face of a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, broke through the enemy's line, but were obliged to yield the advantage it had won to overpowering numbers of fresh troops. The ground over which the terrible conflict raged was covered with the Confederate and Federal slain, lying side by side.

Soon after the battle General Magruder reported in person to General Lee, briefly saying: "My division made a heroic attack but gained nothing but glory. After carrying the enemy's position we had to give it up and retire before greatly superior numbers."

Shortly after the defeat of General McClellan, General Magruder was appointed to the command of the Department of Texas, which from its remoteness and extent was of great importance. This exhibition of confidence on the part of the Confederate Government furnishes undeniable proof of the high estimation in which Magruder was held, and the able manner in which he performed his duties shows that his ability was correctly estimated.

Magruder continued in the command of the Department of Texas to the end of the war. While exercising that important trust his patriotic zeal won for him the confidence and affection of the Texans, among whom a few years later he delivered up his gallant spirit into the hand that gave it.

"Within a Stone's Throw of Independence" at Gettysburg.

Our series of papers on Gettysburg—a *summing up* of which we may take an early opportunity of making—cannot be carefully studied by the unprejudiced student of history without an overwhelming conviction that if General Lee's orders had been properly carried out at Gettysburg, we would have won that field, crushed General Meade's army, rescued Maryland, captured Washington and Baltimore, and dictated terms of peace on Northern soil.

General Lee himself said, with a good deal of feeling, in conversation with some gentlemen in Lexington, Va., not long before his death: "*If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg I should have won there a great victory, and if we had reaped the fruits within our reach, we should have established the Independence of the Confederacy.*"

We verily believe that the verdict of impartial History will be that the Confederates would have won Gettysburg, and Independence, but for the failure of *one man*.

But it is not generally known that just at this crisis England was on the eve of recognizing the Confederacy, and was only prevented from doing so by our defeat at Gettysburg. The story is thus told by an English statesman, as quoted by the *London Morning Advertiser*:

"I am able to speak with knowledge on this subject; and I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Disraeli, although never committing himself—as Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell did—to the principles for which the Southern Confederacy was fighting, always regarded 'recognition' as a possible card to play, and was quite prepared, at the proper moment, to play it. The moment seemed to have come when General Lee invaded the Federal States, after having shattered the strength of the Northern invasion. At that time it was notorious that the bulk of the Tory party and more than half of the Ministerialists were prepared for such a step. Mr. Lindsay's resolution on the subject had failed, Mr. Roebuck's eloquence had been equally ineffectual. But in the face of the repeated triumphs of the Southern army, and the possible occupation of the capital by General Lee's troops, it seemed hopeless to restrain the pent-up feelings of the House of Commons, and Mr. Disraeli saw his opportunity.

"I had frequent conversations with him on the subject, and I per-

fectly recollect his saying to me that he thought the time had now come to move in the matter. 'But,' he said, 'it is of great importance that, if the move is to be made, it should not assume a party character, and it is of equal importance that the initiative should come from our (*i. e.*, the conservative) side. Now, Mr. Lindsay carries no weight. Lord Robert Cecil could handle the matter best, but he is an avowed partisan of the Confederacy and would arouse too much party feeling on the other side. If the thing is to be done, I must do it myself; and then, from all I hear and know, the resolution will be carried, Lord Palmerston being quite disposed to accept the declaration of Parliament in favor of a policy which he personally approves. 'But,' he continued, 'I cannot speak without more knowledge of the subject than I now possess, and I should be glad if you could give me a brief, furnishing the necessary statistics of the population, the institutions, the commercial and political prospects of the Southern States, in order that when the moment comes I may be fully armed.'

"I procured the necessary information from the best authorities, and placed it in his hands. Every day seemed to bring the moment for its use nearer, and the general feeling in the House of Commons was perfectly ripe for the motion in favor of 'recognition,' when the news of the battle of Gettysburg came like a thunder-clap upon the country. General Meade defeated Lee, and saved the Union, and from that day not another word was heard in Parliament about recognition. A few days afterward I saw Mr. Disraeli, and his exact words were: "We nearly put our foot in it."

"Now the leader of the Tory opposition may have been right or wrong in his judgment, but it was not he who controlled the Conservative party. The most powerful influences on the opposition side were undoubtedly the late Lord Derby, through his acquaintance with anti-slavery feeling in the manufacturing districts of the North, and the present Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, whose sympathies were always and avowedly with the Northern side. But these two noblemen would have been powerless against the overwhelming feeling of the bulk of the Tory party, and Mr. Disraeli, had Lee been triumphant at Gettysburg, would undoubtedly have carried the House of Commons and the country with him."

We believe that even after Gettysburg the Confederacy might and ought to have won; but we have not a shadow of doubt that we were "within a stone's throw of Independence" on that great field.

How they made South Carolina "Howl!"—Letter from one of "Sherman's Bummers."

[From the Alderson Statesman, West Va., of October 29th, 1883.]

The following letter was found in the streets of Columbia after the army of General Sherman had left. The original is still preserved and can be shown and substantiated, if anybody desires. We are indebted to a distinguished lady of this city for a copy, sent with a request for publication. We can add nothing in the way of comment on such a document. It speaks for itself:

CAMP NEAR CAMDEN, S. C.,
February 26, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE:

I have no time for particulars. We have had a glorious time in this State. Unrestricted license to burn and plunder was the order of the day. The chivalry have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons, forks, etc., etc., are as common in camp as blackberries. The terms of plunder are as follows: The valuables procured are estimated by companies. Each company is required to exhibit the result of its operations at any given place—one-fifth and first choice falls to the commander-in-chief and staff, one-fifth to corps commander and staff, one-fifth to field officers, two-fifths to the company. Officers are not allowed to join in these expeditions unless disguised as privates. One of our corps commanders borrowed a suit of rough clothes from one of my men and was successful in this place. He got a large quantity of silver (among other things an old silver milk pitcher) and a very fine gold watch from a Mr. De Saussure, of this place (Columbia). De Saussure is one of the F. F. V.'s of S. C., and was made to fork out liberally. Officers over the rank of Captain are not made to put their plunder in the estimate for general distribution. This is very unfair, and for that reason, in order to protect themselves, the subordinate officers and privates keep everything back that they can carry about their persons—such as rings, ear-rings, breast-pins, etc., etc., of which, if I live to get home, I have a quart. I am not joking. I have at least a quart of jewelry for you and all the girls—and some No. 1 diamond pins and rings among them. General Sherman has gold and silver enough to start a bank. His

share in gold watches and chains alone, at Columbia, was two hundred and seventy-five.

But I said I could not go into particulars. All the general officers and many besides have valuables of every description, down to ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs. I have my share of them, too.

We took gold and silver enough from the d—d Rebels to have redeemed their infernal currency twice over. This (the currency) whenever we came across it we burned it, as we considered it utterly worthless.

I wish all the jewelry this army has could be carried to the "Old Bay State." It would deck her out in glorious style; but, alas! it will be scattered all over the North and Middle States. The damned niggers, as a general thing, preferred to stay at home—particularly after they found out that we wanted only the able-bodied men, and, to tell the truth, the youngest and best looking women. Sometimes we took them off, by way of repaying influential secessionists. But the useless part of these we soon managed to lose—sometimes in crossing rivers—sometimes by other ways.

I shall write you again from Wilmington, Goldsboro', or some other place in North Carolina. The order to march has arrived and I must close hurriedly. Love to grandmother and Aunt Charlotte. Take care of yourself and the children. Don't show this letter out of the family.

Your affectionate husband,

THOMAS J. MYERS,
Lieutenant, etc.

P. S.—I will send this by the first flag of truce, to be mailed, unless I have an opportunity of sending it to Hilton Head. Tell Sallie I am saving a pearl bracelet and ear-rings for her. But Lambert got the necklace and breast-pin of the same set. I am trying to trade him out of them. These were taken from the Misses Jamison, daughters of the President of the South Carolina Secession Convention. We found those on our trip through Georgia.

T. J. M.

This letter was addressed to Mrs. Thomas J. Myers, Boston, Mass.

The Story of the Arkansas.

By GEORGE W. GIFT

No. 2.

We left the Carondelet sinking and pursued the Tyler and Queen of the West. Both were swifter vessels than the Arkansas, and in our efforts to overtake them we worked off steam too rapidly and the result was that when we entered the Mississippi river they had gained sufficiently on us to notify the fleets of Farragut and Davis of our approach, and that before we had come in sight around the point. The result was instant and rapid preparation by the squadrons for our reception. Steam was hurried up on all the river vessels, and they weighed or slipped, and took up such positions as would enable them to hit us and at the same time keep away from our powerful beak, if possible. On coming in sight of them the scene was one of intense interest. A dozen or more war vessels were steaming about in an uneasy, uncertain way, somewhat after the manner of a brood of chickens on the approach of a hawk. Tugs, transports and hospital vessels were smoking up or trying to hide. The heavy sloops-of-war and gunboats of Farragut's squadron were anchored in the middle of the stream with fires out, but with batteries manned and ready for battle. On the banks batteries of field artillery were run up and several thousands of soldiers prepared to shoot *Minie* balls into our ports. The "mustang" rams—the same that beat our "mustang," Montgomery, in front of Memphis a short time before—were under way also, but they did not come to the front too close, with a chap carrying guns and men who knew how to handle them. I think I do not over-estimate the force of the enemy when I say he had twenty pennants flying; and we were about to attack him in an unfinished and untried vessel, with engines totally and entirely unreliable. As we stood down to them there was a decided and painful pause. We were in range, but preferred to save our strength and ammunition for a close grapple. One of my best men was a tall, athletic young Irishman who had greatly distinguished himself for zeal and courage half an hour before. Putting his eye to the gun he peeped out ahead and saw the immense force assembled to oppose us. In an instant he was overcome, and exclaimed: "Holy mother, have mercy on us; we'll never get through there." I had been watching the changing panorama ahead with many doubts and misgivings. A half dozen I

would not have minded, but two dozen were rather more than we had bargained for. But we had ventured too far to think of backing out; through we must go. The first vessel which stood out to engage us was "No. 6" (Kineo), against which we had a particular grudge, inspired by Read, who desired us all to handle roughly any sea-going vessel we should see with "No. 6" on her smoke stack, as that vessel was engaging the McRae, above Forts Jackson and St. Philip when Lieutenant Commander Huger was killed. Read, who was First Lieutenant under Captain Huger, and devotedly attached to him, saw the "No. 6" by the flashes of the guns,* and had ever since treasured the hope of getting alongside the fellow some day. This "No. 6" came out like a game cock, steamed to the front to take the fire of a great monster from which "mustangs" and river iron-clads were hiding and fleeing. I sent my powder boy to Read with a message to come forward, as his friend was in sight. He came leisurely and carelessly, swinging a primer lanyard, and I think I have never looked at a person displaying such remarkable coolness and self-possession. On observing the numbers ahead his eye was as bright and his smile as genuine as if he had been about to join a company of friends instead of enemies. We were now getting close aboard "No. 6," and he sheered with his port helm and unmuzzled his eleven-inch pivot gun charged with grape. It was hastily pointed, and the charge fell too low to enter our ports, for which it was intended. This broke the terrible quiet which hung over us like a spell. Every man's nerves were strung up again, and we were ready for the second battle. With a sharp touch of the starboard helm Brady showed me "No. 6" straight ahead, and I gave him a shell through and through, and as we passed he got the port broadside. He did not follow us up. These two shots opened the engagement. Soon we were a target for a hundred or more guns, which poured in an unceasing and terrible fire. Generals Breckinridge, Van Dorn and others viewed the engagement from the top of the Courthouse in Vicksburg, and were appalled at the apparent rashness of attempting the passage. The fire of the enemy was almost unceasing, nor were we idle by any means. As we have said before, every gun was fully manned and wherever we looked, in every direction, we saw gunboats. It was only necessary to load the guns and fire and we hit. The rams were taking up a position to come out and strike us as we passed. One of them, the Lancaster, was slowly moving across our path, and I

*The fight occurred about dawn.

heard Brady ask Captain Brown if he should cut that boat in two. The Captain returned an affirmative answer, and the game pilot steadied our ship for the ram. I had in a five-second shell, which I wished to get rid of before we got to the iron-clads, and so set it in motion. It struck his mud-drum, emptying the hot steam and water into the small barricaded engine room, where the crew and a company of sharp shooters were seeking protection, about a hundred of whom were killed. The poor fellows came pouring up the scuttles, tearing off their shirts and leaping overboard as soon as they reached the air. But that gave us no rest. The shot struck upon our sides as fast as sledge hammer blows. Captain Brown was twice knocked off the platform stunned, his marine glass was broken in his hand, and he received a wound on his temple; but recovering himself, he gallantly—no, heroically—resumed his place, and continued to direct the movements of his ship from a position entirely exposed to the fire of not only great guns, but thousands of sharp-shooters, who were pattering the balls all around and about him. The man of steel never flinched, but carried us straight and clear through. I know that this great battle, and the great commander, have been ignored by the *sect* which ruled the navy, but when the history of our *corps* is written, Brown will rank first. Some one called out that the colors had been shot away. It reached the ear of Midshipman Dabney M. Scales, and in an instant the glorious fellow scrambled up the ladder past Captain Brown, and fearlessly treading the terrible path of death, which was being swept by a hurricane of shot and shell, deliberately bent on the colors again, knotted the halyards and hoisted them up, and when they were again knocked away would have replaced them had not he been forbidden by the Captain. Midshipman Clarence Tyler, aide to the Captain, was wounded at his post alongside the Captain. We were passing one of the large sloops-of-war when a heavy shot struck the side abreast of my bow-gun, the concussion knocking over a man who was engaged in taking a shot from the rack. He rubbed his hip, which had been hurt, and said they would "hardly strike twice in a place." He was mistaken, poor fellow, for immediately a shell entered the breach made by the shot, and bedding itself in the cotton-bale lining on the inside of the bulwark proper, exploded with terrible effect. I found myself standing in a dense, suffocating smoke, with my cap gone and hair and beard singed. The smoke soon cleared away, and I found but one man (Quartermaster Curtis) left. Sixteen were killed and wounded by that shell, and the ship set on fire. Stevens, ever cool and thoughtful, ran to the engine-room

hatch, seized the hose and dragged it to the aperture. In a few moments the fire was extinguished, without an alarm having been created.

The Columbiad was fired but once after its crew was disabled. By the aid of an army Captain (whose name, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten), belonging to a Missouri battery, Curtis and myself succeeded in getting a shot down the gun, with which we struck the Benton. The ill luck which befell the crew of the bow gun was soon to be followed by a similar misfortune to the crew of my broad-side gun. An eleven-inch shot broke through immediately above the port, bringing with it a shower of iron and wooden splinters, which struck down every man at the gun. My Master's Mate, Mr. Wilson, was painfully wounded in the nose, and I had my left arm smashed. Curtis was the only sound man in the division when we mustered the crew at quarters, at Vicksburg. Nor did the mischief of the last shot end with my poor gun's crew. It passed across the deck, through the smoke-stack, and killed eight and wounded seven men at Scales's gun. Fortunately, he was untouched himself, and afterward did excellent service at Grimsball's Columbiad. Stationed on the ladder leading to the berth-deck was a Quartermaster named Eaton. He was assigned the duty of passing shells from the forward shell-room, and also had a kind of superintendence over the boys who came for powder. Eaton was a character. He had thick, rough, red hair, an immense muscular frame, and a will and courage rarely encountered. Nothing daunted him, and the hotter the fight, the fiercer grew Eaton. From his one eye he glared furiously on all who seemed inclined to shirk, and his voice grew louder and more distinct as the shot rattled and crashed upon our mail.

At one instant you would hear him pass the word down the hatch: "Nine-inch shell, five-second fuse—here you are, my lad, with your rifle shell, take it and go back quick—what's the matter that you can't get that gun out?" and, like a cat, he would spring from his place and throw his weight on the side tackle, and the gun was sure to go out. "What are you doing here, wounded? Where are you hurt? Go back to your gun, or I'll murder you on the spot—here's your nine-inch shell—mind, shipmate (to a wounded man), the ladder is bloody, don't slip, let me help you."

I have thrown in this slight sketch to show that our men were beginning to straggle, so badly were we cut up. But still the ship was not disabled; seven guns were yet hammering away, and the engines were intact. But steam was down to a terribly low ebb. The party who fitted up the boilers had neglected to line the fire front with non-

conducting material; the consequence was that when a heavy fire of coal was put in the whole mass of iron about the boilers became red-hot and nearly roasted the firemen, who had also got a tub of ice-water, of which they drank freely. The result was that we had to hoist them all out of the fire-room during the action, and Grimbail headed a party to supply their place. But I will not detain the reader. We got through, hammered and battered though. Our smokestack resembled an immense nutmeg grater, so often had it been struck, and the sides of the ship were as spotted as if she had been peppered. A shot had broken our cast-iron ram. Another had demolished a hawse-pipe. Our boats were shot away and dragging. But all this was to be expected and could be repaired. Not so on the inside. A great heap of mangled and ghastly slain lay on the gun deck, with rivulets of blood running away from them. There was a poor fellow torn asunder, another mashed flat, whilst in the "slaughter-house" brains, hair and blood were all about. Down below fifty or sixty wounded were groaning and complaining, or courageously bearing their ills without a murmur. All the army stood on the hills to see us round the point. The flag had been set up on a temporary pole, and we went out to return the cheers the soldiers gave us as we passed. The Generals came on board to embrace our Captain, bloody, yet game. This ends our second battle. We must fight another before we go to sleep on that 15th of July.

Operations Before Petersburg, May 6-11, 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD.

HEADQUARTERS HAGOOD'S SOUTH CAROLINA BRIGADE,
NEAR DREWRY'S BLUFF, VIRGINIA,
May 13, 1864.

Captain Foote, A. A. G. :

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to report the operations of my brigade in front of Petersburg.

On the 6th instant the Twenty-first regiment and three companies of the Twenty-fifth under Major Glover, the whole under Colonel Graham, of the Twenty-first, arrived at Port Walthal Junction, upon which the enemy were then advancing, and in a very short time were engaged. Colonel Graham formed his line east of the railroad, at a

distance of some three hundred yards and parallel to it. His position was well chosen in a sunken road, with his left resting upon a ravine and his right upon a wood. He succeeded in repulsing a considerably larger force than his own, accompanied by two pieces of artillery. From information received from prisoners the enemy were supposed to have been Hickman's brigade. Our troops, both officers and men, must have behaved with distinguished gallantry, and I beg leave respectfully to refer for particulars to the reports of Colonel Graham, enclosed.

At dark on that night I arrived at Petersburg with the balance of the Twenty-fifth regiment, and marched immediately from the cars to reinforce Colonel Graham. The Twenty-seventh arrived a little later and followed, the whole arriving at Port Walthal Junction before day. I found Brigadier-General Johnson also at that point with some eight hundred muskets. He informed me that hearing the firing of Graham's action he had marched from the direction of Drewry's Bluff to reinforce him, arriving after the repulse of the enemy. The General ranking me, I reported to him for orders.

When day broke it was discovered that the enemy had in the night retired from our front. I was ordered to take my three regiments and advance to feel for him. At 10 A. M. I moved and found his line of pickets about a mile and a half on our left front. The morning was spent in manœuvering and skirmishing, and finally the pressing of the enemy indicated an advance. I fell back under orders to the railroad, my left resting on the crossing of the turnpike and railroad; General Johnson's men on my right upon the railroad, and the Twenty-first regiment in reserve in rear of my centre and upon the turnpike.

The enemy appeared at 2 P. M., in two lines of battle with skirmishers well thrown out, and warmly engaged us. His line was oblique to mine and tending to overlap my left. After some half hour's fighting his second line was moved under cover of an intervening wood by right and appeared within musket range, approaching square upon my left, the left of this force being upon the prolongation of my left. The Twenty-First regiment had been ordered up into line upon my left in the beginning of the fight, and I was now compelled under a cross fire from two brigades to change my front. This necessitated great exposure of officers in effecting, but was happily done. The lives of some of the best and bravest of my command, of all grades, paying for its accomplishment. Soon after my new line was taken, I ordered an advance and the flanking brigade was driven back, not again reap-

pearing in that direction. My men now regained the railroad; their right, however, resting where their left had been in the morning. The enemy now massed heavily in my front and again advanced, but my men, sheltered by the railroad embankment, drove them back with but little loss to ourselves, and very heavy to them. Between four and five o'clock, the engagement ceased, except the firing of sharpshooters on either side, and before dark the enemy withdrew from the field.

I had an aggregate of 1,500 men engaged—the enemy at least two brigades. Our loss was 177—the enemy's estimated 1,000, and newspaper correspondents from the army of the enemy state that General Brooks with five brigades and one battery of artillery was in our front that day. In the action I was assisted at different times by two pieces of artillery, sent to me at my request from the right, but they did me but little good, getting twice out of ammunition, after very few discharges, and going a half mile to the rear to replenish. In the close of the action, they were not on the field. The Eleventh regiment and Seventh battalion arrived upon the battle field after nightfall, having been delayed upon the cars in coming from South Carolina.

At 12 o'clock that night our whole force at the Junction was withdrawn by General Johnson to the line of Swift Creek.

On the 9th I was ordered to take a part of my brigade and make a reconnoissance in front of this line. I took the Twenty-first, the Eleventh, and a detachment of the Twenty-fifth under Captain Carson. The object was accomplished, but from the broken and wooded nature of the ground, I became more heavily engaged than I desired with the heavy force in my front, and my loss was severe.

I append a statement of casualties in those actions:

Out of seven field officers taken into the action of the 7th, four were killed or wounded. The brave Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, of the Twenty-first, fell at the head of his men in the crisis of the fight on that day. Colonel Graham was there wounded in two places while cheering on his men. Lieutenant-Colonel Pressley fell at the same place, with a dangerous wound, and refused assistance, ordering forward into line the men who came to take him off the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Blake, of the Twenty-seventh, was slightly wounded. Captain Sellars, of the Twenty-fifth, was wounded and returned to the fight after his wound was dressed. My staff—Captain Molony, Lieutenant Martin, Lieutenant Mazyck, and Captain Stoney—were greatly exposed in the discharge of their duties, and behaved with

their usual gallantry. Captain Stoney was shot through the body, but still survives. Captain Carlos Tracy, of South Carolina, who was acting as volunteer aid upon my staff, behaved with much efficiency and gallantry.

Colonel Gaillard, Colonel Pressley, and Colonel Graham, commanding regiments, behaved with distinguished gallantry; and after the fall of the two latter, Major Glover and Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan did all that could be done in supplying their places. After Colonel Dargan was killed Captain Wilds efficiently commanded his regiment till the close of the day.

The following men have been mentioned for meritorious conduct by their regimental commanders: First-Sergeant Pickens, Butler Watts, Company F; Sergeant J. P. Gibbon and Corporal J. Boozer, same company; Sergeant J. B. Abney, Company E; and Private Armilius Irving, Company A, of the Twenty-seventh Regiment; and Lieutenants Moffett and Duc, Sergeant W. V. Izlar, and Private J. T. Shewmake, of the Twenty-fifth. No report of the kind was received from the Twenty-first, in consequence of the fall of the field officers and the succession of Captain Wilds to its command late in the action. There were, however, many instances of devotion in its ranks, and the bearing and service of Lieutenant Chappel conspicuously attracted the attention of the brigade commander. Private Vincent Bellingier, a cripple from wounds received at Secessionville, and on light duty with the commissary, quit the train when he heard the action was going against us, and came upon the field. Picking up the rifle of a fallen man, he joined a company and fought well during the remainder of the day.

Respectfully,

JOHNSON HAGOOD,
Brigadier-General.

REPORT OF COLONEL R. F. GRAHAM.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST S. C. V.,
PORT WALTHAL JUNCTION, *May 7th, 1864.*

Captain P. H. Mallory, A. A. G.:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to report that I arrived at Petersburg on yesterday, the 16th instant, with three companies of the Twenty-First S. C. V., and three companies of the Twenty-Fifth S. C. V., numbering about 300 men. That I was immediately ordered with this force to Port Walthal Junction by Major-General Pickett,

with instructions to defend the railroad at that point. I arrived at the Junction about 4:45 P. M., and there found three hundred men of the Twenty-First S. C. V., under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, who had arrived there from Drewy's Bluff about one hour previous.

I discovered soon after arriving that the enemy were in heavy force in front. I immediately chose my position, and formed my line of battle some 300 yards east of the railroad. I had hardly formed my line when I was attacked by a force estimated to be at least two brigades, with several pieces of artillery. They were driven back in confusion. They again formed for an attack, and attempted to turn my left flank. Perceiving this, I sent all my force that could be spared to this point. They were met with such a deadly fire, that they retreated in confusion from the field, leaving some of their dead and wounded on the field. I cannot fail to mention the gallant conduct of both officers and men. The right of the line was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, and the left by Major Glover, Twenty-Fifth S. C. V. I lost in this action thirty-three men, two killed and twenty-eight wounded of the Twenty-First S. C. V., and five wounded of the Twenty-Fifth S. C. V.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed,)

R. F. GRAHAM,

Colonel Twenty-First S. C. V., Commanding.

A Morning Call on General Kilpatrick.

By E. L. WELLS.

Probably there are very few great military reputations which rest upon a smaller foundation than that of General Sherman. In the popular imagination he figures as the mighty conqueror, whose campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas virtually ended the war between the States. His "March to the Sea" has been lauded and rhymed about until it has come to be deemed an achievement worthy to live for all time in "song and story." In point of fact it was nothing of the kind, but was, in a military point of view, a very commonplace affair. When the army which had barred his further progress before Atlanta had vanished on its ill-starred errand into Tennessee, there was no hostile force of any consequence before him, and this it re-

quired but the most ordinary intelligence on his part to perceive. Surely he must have possessed an intensely Falstaffian imagination to have conjured up many "men in buckram" in the deserted fields, the silent swamps and lonely pine woods through which his march would lie. And there is good ground for believing that even the idea of cutting loose from his base and making a huge raid through the country, which his admirers claim to have been a very "bold" conception, was not originated by him at all. Hereafter, when the effervescence of "patriotic" gush has evaporated, this campaign will, I think, be considered chiefly remarkable for the systematic and cruel destruction of the homes and the means of subsistence of non-combatants.

The principal agent to whom this devastation was entrusted, General Kilpatrick, commanded Sherman's cavalry. A brief interview with him is the *raison d'être* of the present article.

Butler's cavalry division had been detached from the Army of Northern Virginia in the latter part of December, 1864, and had been sent to South Carolina to operate against Sherman, a duty which it performed until the end of the war. Although a division in name, and consisting of two brigades, it numbered only some eight hundred men, and could, therefore, of course, oppose no effectual resistance to Sherman's overwhelming force, but its task was to confine to the smallest possible limits the area of his devastation. To hover by turns around his front, his flanks and his rear; to pounce upon his foraging parties, who were burning and harrying; to dash between his marching columns and cut off marauders; to save the lives and property, as far as practicable, of women and children; such were the chief occupations of our General during this campaign, and with indefatigable energy did he attend to them. The service was full of personal adventure and excitement for his followers; there were frequent little brushes with raiding parties, and now and then a lively time in eluding larger bodies, and this would be enlivened by almost hourly chases of "bummers," whose pockets were seldom found unsupplied with stolen jewelry and one or two baptismal cups, and the recapturing of farm animals laden with household spoils.

Occasionally an opportunity would occur of striking more important blows, and of these our leader was vigilant to avail himself.

Early one morning in March, 1865, I was sent to carry a dispatch to a distant command, and did not succeed in rejoining our division until about the middle of the night, having had rather a rough time of it all day dodging the enemy. I at last found it on the edge of

some wooded ground, just off a road near a point known at that time, I think, as Longstreet Church, some few miles distant from Fayetteville, N. C. The day had been very wet, and the night was rainy and black as ink. As my horse and I had eaten nothing since the evening of the previous day, I was naturally first interested in the ration question. Ah! bonnie little bay, who had to go supperless, and was so soon to brave a mortal wound unflinchingly until the fight was won, and then to sink to rest with a look so plaintive it was human-like! I could only obtain for myself, through the kindness of a comrade, a small piece of musty corn-bread. Having finished this not very exhilarating feast, and washed it down with a draught of water, that would have been more acceptable if it had been less pure, I was about attempting to kindle a fire when I was told in a whisper that doing so was prohibited by orders. I drew out my pipe to comfort myself with a puff, but this too was forbidden, to my disgust. I then observed that such of the men as I could make out in the darkness were close to their horses, and that the animals were saddled and bitted, ready to be mounted.

I soon discovered the explanation of all this. At dusk in the evening, in a drizzling rain, General Butler had been reconnoitering at some little distance in advance of his command, accompanied by only his staff and a few couriers. Riding at the head of this little band he was met by a body of horsemen coming from the opposite direction.

To his "Halt!" and "What command are you from?" it was replied:

"Picket from the —th Iowa."*

"All right," said the General. "Pass on, picket."

In the meantime a hint had been given to his escort, which they were not slow to comprehend. They separated on each side of the road, as if to allow the Federal picket to pass; but as the latter was doing so, the officer in command and the men in front were again halted, this time with the unwelcome addition, "Surrender; you are prisoners."

As point was given to this sudden information by the mute but eloquent muzzles of cocked revolvers covering them, the picket quietly accepted the situation without making themselves disagreeable. They were then marched forward until the advance-guard of our division was met, when they were duly turned over as prisoners. Of course these fellows were entirely unaware that they had been

* I think, but am not sure, the picket was from that State.

captured by a mere handful of men. They were literally "in the dark" about it, and believed themselves to have encountered the head of a column very much stronger than their own.

Scouts were sent out, and soon brought back the news that there was no picket now between the Federal camp, only a few hundred yards distant, and ourselves, the captured detachment having evidently been on its way to picket this approach to General Kilpatrick's cavalry camp.

The glad tidings were quickly dispatched to General Hampton, who was in command of all our cavalry, and in the meantime our division was halted in the road in profound silence. A few dismounted men were sent forward singly to secrete themselves along the roadside near the entrance of the Federal camp, to be ready to noiselessly take chage of any one from there who might intend visiting their picket that night.

The consequence of all this was that we were to make a call next morning, as soon as there was light enough, upon General Kilpatrick, dispensing with the formality of personal introductions, not even sending in our cards before our "surprise party" should be with him to an early breakfast. This, it was hoped, would induce him, "on hospitable thoughts intent," to give up his camp and as many of his men as he could spare to his enterprising guests; in short, his entire corps was to be wiped out before assistance could reach him from the infantry.

The night passed wearily enough as we sat huddled together in the mud among our sleepy horses, but at length the first faint light preceding the dawn was visible; then the command moved silently out of the wood and formed noiselessly on the road. The rain had by this time ceased, but the atmosphere was so obscured by mist that one could hardly realize the night was ended, and found the range of vision very limited. After some minutes a portion of the division, which was to lead in the attack, moved down the road on a slow walk in the direction of the Federal camp, and halted just outside of it. Here a few words were addressed to the men by the General in his quiet, clear, incisive voice, he looking, every inch of him, the beau ideal of a cavalier. Then he galloped to the head of the column and his order—"Follow me, men. Charge!" rang out for friend and foe to hear.

In a moment the cavalrymen were dashing with a magnificent Confederate yell through Kilpatrick's camp. All there were buried in the profound slumber of supposed security. The sleepy camp

guards and a few cooks busied about camp-fires attempted no resistance, and the troopers, thus rudely awakened, rubbed their eyes and peered out from under their canvas flies in droll bewilderment at the row. It was very good fun at first, but the unwieldy number of prisoners was awkward; we could not "surround" them, as the Irishman said he did his dozen or more captives. Presently they began to rally in knots, and then the hand-to hand skirmishing became pretty brisk, as compliments were being exchanged at close quarters. It was especially lively near a little house which loomed up through the mist and around which were tied many horses. On one of these barebacked animals jumped a brawny Federal, and with his revolver did as gallant fighting as one could wish to see. He and one of our men "tackled," and by common consent were left to fight it out alone for what seemed minutes, but which were doubtless only seconds. At length he fell under his horse's feet, having died pluckily, as a true soldier should, to save his chief; for that black horse he rode was Killpatrick's own, and within the little house were his headquarters.

Just then there bolted from the door a sorry-looking figure in his shirt and drawers. The fugitive made no fight, but cutting loose and springing astride a horse "tarried not on the order of his going," but sped for safety through the fog and powder-smoke as fast as a militiaman. No one stopped him, thinking it not worth while in presence of such abundance of better-seeming game. Only one man recognized in the humble runaway the quondam bumptious Major-General and future politician, and he gave chase. His pistol being empty he meant to ride him down, and would have done so, but unhappily his horse fell on the wet, slippery ground, and he had the mortification of seeing General Kilpatrick disappear.

A striking contrast to him was *our* General. Showing no weapon, but carrying a little riding-whip, with which he pointed here and there, directing the operations, he seemed the brain of the physical mass around him. It required no great stretch of imagination to fancy him the leader of a mighty orchestra, and his men the music makers. It used to be said his skin glanced bullets, and that it required a twelve-pounder to carry away that one leg in Virginia, and I often thought there must be something in it. What manner of man he was will best be understood from an answer he gave on one occasion when a courier galloped up in hot haste with a message from one of his Colonels, saying he was being "flanked" by the enemy. "Tell him to flank them back," was the General's laconic reply.

And now in wild alarm there emerged from the house, whose

weather-boards were fast being perforated by chance bullets, a strange apparition, one quite out of place in such wild scenes—a forlorn, forsaken damsel—one who was “neither maid, wife, nor widow,” and who was “attached” to headquarters. She looked for a moment disconsolately at her carriage, which was close at hand, as if with the vague idea in her dazed head that it was high time for her to be leaving, and then stood still in mute despair as it broke upon her that it could not move without horses. Seeing that she was in imminent danger from stray shots that were flying about, a cavalryman dismounted and conducted the poor thing, in all courtesy, to a drainage-ditch, within which she crouched in safety, as if it had been a rifle-pit. It was noticed, however, that, in spite of the risk thus incurred, she persisted in lifting her head from time to time and peered above the ditch to see what was going on, thus showing, as some one said, that female curiosity is stronger even than love of life.

The remainder of our division had come on to support the attacking detachment, and as they entered the camp a very sad and touching incident occurred. Some prisoners (they were chiefly worn-out stragglers from the infantry), whom Kilpatrick had with him, recognizing the splendid ring of the Confederate battle cry, burst from their guard, and frantic with joy, rushed forth to meet their deliverers. One poor fellow, the foremost of them all, ragged, half-starved, and lately wretched but now nearly crazed with delight, attempted to embrace a horse's neck, but mistaken in the obscurity for an assailant, met his death at the rider's hand. Perceiving too late his error, the slayer sprang to the ground and bent remorsefully over the corpse, only to recognize in the ghastly features of the dead a near neighbor and life-long friend.

There was another occurrence which had a ludicrous, as well as tragic side. A driver of a headquarter wagon was snoozing so soundly under the white topped cover, curled up snugly in the nice, warm straw within, that he did not awake until some little time after we had been in the camp. He must have been very much fatigued, from doing nothing, or perhaps had taken an over-heavy night-cap to guard against the dampness. At length, becoming aroused by all the din around him, he pushed aside the curtains and looked sleepily out, bleary-eyed and frowsy from his morning nap, at a loss to make out the meaning of such a hurly-burly, and with no idea of hurting any one.

Unluckily for him, his harmless intentions were not understood until too late, as there was no time then for long-winded inquiries and

explanations. One of our men happened to be riding by so near that the fellow almost touched him with his sleepy head as he popped it out between the curtains, and, startled by it into instinctive self-defence, promptly put an end to him, so that the poor wretch never got really well awake at all. It was much to be regretted, but the moral is, it is a bad thing to sleep too late in the mornings.

It was not long before the entire camp was in our possession, those who had not fled to the cover of the infantry or sought refuge in a swamp hard by having been slain or captured. The herd and its official leader had been from the outset completely demoralized, and the heroism of individuals could not redeem the situation. It only remained to hold what had been gained, but that was the difficulty. If it had not been for overwhelming masses of infantry near at hand Kilpatrick's corps, as an organized body, would have never again existed.

Most of our men were dismounted and thrown forward as infantry to hold the ground until the captured horses, artillery and wagons could be removed or destroyed. The programme had been for a portion of Wheeler's command to attack the camp on our right as soon as the firing indicated to them that the ball was opened, but owing to the swampy nature of the ground after the rain, and other reasons not necessary to mention, they unfortunately did not come up in time to answer the purpose intended. At length portions of the scattered Federal cavalry began to take heart and rally under the wing of their infantry, and it became necessary for our command to withdraw before the pressure of the latter. We carried away many hundred prisoners (nearly as many as the entire attacking force), and numbers of horses, among them three of Kilpatrick's private mounts, the gallant black already alluded to, a piebald, and a bay. When we had retired it was practicable for that General to return to his headquarters, which he had left in the rather abrupt manner that I have attempted to describe.

Thus terminated an affair which, as far as I know, has not been recorded, or even dignified by a name; yet it was not without brilliancy in conception and romantic dash in execution, and its results failed of being decisive simply from the vast disproportion of numbers. If it had occurred in the *first* American war for independence its achievements would have been chronicled with flourishes of the historic pen, and it might have supplied a theme for many a fervid centennial speaker.

Some weeks afterwards, when Johnston's army had been disbanded,

I passed over the ground of this fight, as I was making my way southward by night. I reached the house which had been Kilpatrick's headquarters at a late hour, and a more dismal, unearthly scene than I beheld it would be difficult to imagine. The dwelling was entirely deserted. Perhaps its owner, driven forth from her home with her little ones to make room for the Woman of the Ditch, had perished from hunger and exposure. At all events it was unoccupied by any living thing; the windows were without sashes, the front door broken from its hinges, and all fences and out-buildings had disappeared. Near the dilapidated piazza, to the railing of which several horses had been tied on the morning when the corps was stampeded, were some carcasses, and at a few paces distant, where many horses had been fastened to a fence, there were numerous skeletons of the poor brutes. From these the hides had been stripped and the bones picked bare, doubtless by vagrant curs and predatory vermin from the neighboring swamp. The human remains had been interred, but rain and wind, assisted probably by animals, had in many instances partially removed from them the earth, so that the fleshless faces peered up at one, and bony hands stretched forth as if to beckon. The effect was heightened by the faint moonlight. It was an uncanny place, and the least superstitious would have been likely to have experienced some strange feelings there. The skeleton hands seemed then, as I said, to beckon. Since that time I have thought they intended a different meaning; that they sought to implore the living not to forget the dead, but to keep alive forever the glory of each hero who bit the dust,

"——, facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods."

Sabine Pass.

A FEDERAL ACCOUNT—LETTER FROM ADJUTANT-GENERAL FRED-ERIC SPEED.

[We cheerfully give place to the following letter, which is a different version from the account of Sabine Pass which has been received among Confederates, and is very different from the one which follows it. We publish without comments:]

VICKSBURG, MISS., September 27th, 1883.

Rev. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Sir,—In the October issue of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS you ask, "Who will send us a detailed sketch of the heroic defence of Sabine Pass?" and referring to the death of Jack White, quote from an unknown exchange the statement that White was one of the forty Irishmen who held Sabine Pass against the "entire" Federal fleet during the war, "and received the personal thanks of Mr. Davis," &c. The statement further goes on to say that the "Federal force consisted of three Federal brigades" "and a fleet of gun-boats," and adds, "the defeat of this force was probably the most heroic exploit of the war, and out of solid shame the Federal Government dropped the record thereof from their war annals."

I should not write you to call attention to the fact that the statement referred to contains more which is the result of a pure effort of the imagination than of the truth, if I did not credit your society with a sincere desire to publish facts, and not fiction, in making up the history of the war. That the defence of Sabine Pass was "heroic" I freely admit; the defenders were few in numbers, and exhibited coolness and skill; but that they were entitled to the extravagant praise of being denominated "the forty bravest men of the Confederacy" is all balderdash, and does the grossest injustice to the entire forces of the Confederacy; for I presume that there were none of them which on many occasions did not exhibit equal "bravery," and it is within my personal knowledge that thousands of Confederate soldiers far surpassed the valiant forty at Sabine Pass in the noble quality of the soldier.

That there was a large Federal force within sight is true; but with the exception of three gun-boats, the entire force would have proved quite as effective if it had remained at New Orleans, simply from the fact that it was impracticable to land the army, and the naval vessels drew so much water that with the exception of the gun-boats referred to it could not approach nearer than two and a half to three miles of Mr. Davis's "forty bravest men," who were as safe from harm in the earth-work as they would have been a thousand miles away. They did not probably know this, and their merit consists in the fact that they did not run away, as most men would have done under the circumstance, before finding out this important fact in the "engagement."

The three gun-boats engaged were the "Sachem," a canal-boat in appearance, and about as effective, selected, because of her light draft, to precede the "fleet." Her value was demonstrated by the fact that the first shot fired at her exploded her boiler and totally disabled her, scalding almost every man on board, and causing her to surrender without—if my memory serves me—firing a gun. The second gun-boat was a Staten Island ferry-boat, called the "Clifton," which grounded before reaching the earth-work, and at the third or fourth shot from the Confederates had her steam-chest struck, which not only disabled her, but was the cause of the scalding of many of her crew. The third gun-boat was the "Granite State," which drew too much water to get within effective distance, and she was not engaged. Distributed between the "Sachem" and "Clifton" were seventy-five infantry, who were blinded and scalded by the escaping steam, and did not fire a shot.

The balance of the Federal forces, owing to the heavy draft of the vessels, could not get within less than two miles of the fort; the nearest point at which any other vessel, than those named, succeeded in getting during the entire engagement was the Mississippi-river steamer "Laurel Hill," which drew eight feet of water, and the "R. W. Thomas" another Mississippi-river steamer, drawing a little more water. These vessels had about two thousand men on board, who, if a landing could have been effected, would have made short work of the "forty bravest men of the Confederacy." But as the "Clifton," drawing less water, ran aground before reaching the earth-work, and was rendered a helpless wreck by about three shots from the Confederate guns, the chances were that the Mississippi-river boats, with their exposed boilers and machinery, would suffer a similar fate, and at no time were they within such a distance of the earth-work that they could be fairly said to be a menace to the heroic garrison. On the other hand, a force of Confederate infantry, estimated by the number and crowded condition of the boats, by us at four thousand, arrived during the engagement, to reinforce the forty braves. A storm coming on during the night, the fleet, mostly composed of cockle-shells, was forced to run for shelter, and thus ended the demonstration in which forty men won imperishable honors. Of course it was a defeat for the Federals, whose object was to capture Sabine Pass, a feat which would have occasioned no very great difficulty if there had been found any spot where the army could have effected a landing, or the navy could have got one respectably constructed and equipped vessel within range. Such was not, however, the case, and it is as unfair

to the whole Confederate forces to speak of the garrison of the earthwork at Sabine Pass as the "forty bravest men of the Confederacy" as it is to insinuate that the Union naval and military forces, lying out in the Gulf of Mexico, have any reason to be ashamed of the failure to capture a place they could not reach in vessels drawing fourteen to twenty-five feet of water, which was the case with the exception of those I have named, and which experience demonstrated drew too much to navigate a channel in which there could not have been much more, if any, than seven feet.

Mr. Davis was undoubtedly misled, and did not know that if the garrison had abandoned their post at any time during the Federal reconnoissance—for that was all it was, in point of fact—they should have been courtmartialled for cowardice; because however meritorious their action in "holding the fort" may have been, it is absolutely certain that they were never exposed to any real danger of capture or injury from the Federals, who did not fire a dozen shots altogether, and from which the garrison was perfectly protected by the earth-work.

Very respectfully yours,

FREDERIC SPEED,

Formerly A. A. General 1st Division 19th Army Corps.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S ACCOUNT.

[In order that our readers may have "the other side," and that there may go into our record a full and authentic narrative of this heroic action, we copy the account given by President Davis in "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."]

The strategic importance to the enemy of the possession of Sabine river caused the organization of a large expedition of land and naval forces to enter and ascend the river. If successful, it gave the enemy short lines for operation against the interior of Texas, and relieved them of the discomfiture resulting from their expulsion from Galveston Harbor.

The fleet of the enemy numbered twenty-three vessels. The forces were estimated to be ten thousand men. No adequate provision had been made to resist such a force, and, under the circumstances, none might have been promptly made on which reliance could have been reasonably placed. A few miles above the entrance into the Sabine river a small earthwork had been constructed, garrisoned at the time

of the action by forty-two men and two lieutenants, with an armament of six guns. The officers and men were all Irishmen, and the company was called the "Davis Guards." The Captain, F. H. Odum, was temporarily absent, so that the command devolved upon Lieutenant R. W. Dowling. Wishing to perpetuate the history of an affair in which I believe the brave garrison did more than an equal force had ever elsewhere performed, I asked General Magruder, when I met him after the war, to write out a full account of the event; he agreed to so, but died not long after I saw him, and before complying with my request. From the publications of the day I have obtained the main facts, as they were then printed in the Texas newspapers, and, being unwilling to summarize the reports, give them at length:

CAPTAIN F. H. ODLUM'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

"HEADQUARTERS, SABINE PASS,

"September 9, 1863.

"*Captain A. N. Mills, Assistant Adjutant-General:*

"SIR,—I have the honor to report that we had an engagement with the enemy yesterday and gained a handsome victory. We captured two of their gunboats, crippled a third, and drove the rest out of the Pass. We took eighteen fine guns, a quantity of smaller arms, ammunition and stores, killed about fifty, wounded several, and took one hundred and fifty prisoners, without the loss or injury of any one on our side or serious damage to the fort.

"Your most obedient servant,

F. H. ODLUM,

"*Captain, commanding Sabine Pass.*"

COMMODORE LEON SMITH'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

"*Captain E. P. Turner, Assistant Adjutant-General:*

"SIR,—After telegraphing the Major-General before leaving Beaumont, I took a horse and proceeded with all haste to Sabine Pass, from which direction I could distinctly hear a heavy firing. Arriving at the Pass at 3 P. M., I found the enemy off and inside the bar, with nineteen gunboats and steamships and other ships of war, carrying, as well as I could judge, fifteen thousand men. I proceeded

with Captain Odlum to the fort, and found Lieutenant Dowling and Lieutenant N. H. Smith, of the engineer corps, with forty-two men, defending the fort. Until 3 P. M. our men did not open on the enemy, as the range was too distant. The officers of the fort coolly held their fire until the enemy had approached near enough to reach them. But, when the enemy arrived within good range, our batteries were opened, and gallantly replied to a galling and most terrific fire from the enemy. As I entered the fort the gunboats Clifton, Arizona, Sachem, and Granite State, with several others, came boldly up to within one thousand yards, and opened their batteries, which were gallantly and effectively replied to by the Davis Guards. For one hour and thirty minutes a most terrific bombardment of grape, canister and shell was directed against our heroic and devoted little band within the fort. The shot struck in every direction, but, thanks be to God! not one of the noble Davis Guards was hurt. Too much credit cannot be awarded to Lieutenant Dowling, who displayed the utmost heroism in the discharge of the duty assigned him, and the defenders of the fort. God bless the Davis Guards, one and all! The honor of the country was in their hands, and nobly they sustained it. Every man stood at his post, regardless of the murderous fire that was poured upon them from every direction. The result of the battle, which lasted from 3:30 to 5 P. M., was the capturing of the Clifton and Sachem, eighteen heavy guns, and one hundred and fifty prisoners, and the killing and wounding of fifty men, and driving outside the bar the enemy's fleet, comprising twenty-three vessels in all. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

"LEON SMITH,

"Commanding Marine Department of Texas."

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF TEXAS,
NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA,
HOUSTON, TEXAS, September 9, 1863.

"(Special Order.)"

"Another glorious victory has been won by the heroism of Texans. The enemy, confident of overpowering the little garrison at Sabine Pass, boldly advanced to the work of capture. After a sharp contest he was entirely defeated, one gunboat hurrying off in a crippled condition, while two others, the Clifton and Sachem, with their armaments and crews, including the commander of the fleet, surrendered to the gallant defenders of the fort. The loss of the enemy has been heavy, while not a man on our side has been killed or wounded.

Though the enemy has been repulsed in his naval attacks, his land forces, reported as ten thousand strong, are still off the coast waiting an opportunity to land.

"The Major-General calls on every man able to bear arms to bring his guns or arms, no matter of what kind, and be prepared to make a sturdy resistance to the foe.

"Major-General J. B. MAGRUDER.

"*Edmund P. Turner*, Assistant Adjutant-General."

The *Daily Post*, of Houston, Texas, of August 22, 1880, has the following :

"A few days after the battle each man that participated in the fight was presented with a silver medal inscribed as follows: On one side 'D. G.,' for the Davis Guards, and on the reverse side, 'Sabine Pass, September 8, 1863.'

"Captain Odum and Lieutenant R. W. Dowling have gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns, and but few members of the heroic band are in the land of the living, and those few reside in the city of Houston, and often meet together and talk about the battle in which they participated on the memorable 8th of September, 1863.

"The following are the names of the company who manned the guns in Fort Grigsby, and to whom the credit is due for the glorious victory :

"Lieutenants R. W. Dowling and N. H. Smith; Privates Timothy McDonough, Thomas Dougherty, David Fitzgerald, Michael Monahan, John Hassett, John McKeefer, Jack W. White, Patrick McDonnell, William Gleason, Michael Carr, Thomas Hagerty, Timothy Huggins, Alexander McCabe, James Flemming, Patrick Fitzgerald, Thomas McKernon, Edward Pritchard, Charles Rheins, Timothy Hurley, John McGrath, Matthew Walshe, Patrick Sullivan, Michael Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan, Patrick Clare, John Hennessey, Hugh Deagan, Maurice Powers, Abner Carter, Daniel McMurray, Patrick Malone, James Corcoran, Patrick Abbott, John McNealis, Michael Egan, Daniel Donovan, John Wesley, John Anderson, John Flood, Peter O'Hare, Michael Delaney, Terence Mulhern."

The inquiry may naturally arise how this small number of men could take charge of so large a body of prisoners. This required that to their valor they should add strategem. A few men were placed on the parapet as sentinels, the rest were marched out as a

guard to receive the prisoners and their arms. Thus was concealed the fact that the fort was empty. The report of the guns bombarding the fort had been heard, and soon after the close of the battle reinforcements arrived, which relieved the little garrison from its embarrassment.

Official reports of officers in the assaulting column, as published in the "Rebellion Record," vol. vii., page 425, *et seq.*, refer to another fort, and steamers in the river, co-operating in the defence of Fort Grigsby. The success of the single company which garrisoned the earthwork is without parallel in ancient or modern war. It was marvelous; but it is incredible—more than marvelous—that another garrison in another fort, with cruising steamers, aided in checking the advance of the enemy, yet silently permitted the forty-two men and two officers of Fort Grigsby to receive all the credit for the victory which was won. If this be supposable, how is it possible that Captain Odium, Commander Smith, General Magruder, and Lieutenant Dowling, who had been advised to abandon the work, and had consulted their men as to their willingness to defend it, should nowhere have mentioned the putative fort and co-operating steamers?

The names of the forty-four must go down to posterity unshorn of the honor which their contemporaries admiringly accorded.

Letters from Fort Sumter in 1862 and 1863.

By Lieut. IREDELL JONES, First Regiment S. C. Regulars.

No. 2.

FORT SUMTER, July 20, 1863.

My Dear Father,— * * Since my last to mother much of interest has transpired, and all before my eyes. I have seen a desperate battle fought, preceded, as it was, by one of the most furious bombardments of the war. About 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, the five monitors, the Ironsides, and five gunboats moved up in front of Wagner and immediately opened a most terrific shelling, and they had not fired long before the enemy's batteries (two in number) joined in, and all together poured forth their missiles of death for ten long hours on our little fort, containing only one gun with which we were able to reply. The rest of the guns in the fort are of light calibre and useful only against an assaulting party. Our men took refuge in their bomb-proofs, and, having sustained only a few casu-

alties, quietly awaited the time when they would be afforded an opportunity for taking revenge. That time came much sooner than they anticipated. About dusk the dark and dense columns were seen moving slowly down the beach. When they had reached the commencement of the open plain in front of and entirely commanded by the Battery, the first brigade, under Gen. Strong, being formed in two columns, made a dashing charge for our works. They reached the Battery, but were repulsed and driven back in confusion. Immediately the second brigade, under Col. Putnam, moved to the assault, and reached and took possession of the main portion of our works, but the ditch in front, filled with dead and dying, and the scattered dead and wounded across the whole plain, told how dearly they had paid for it.

The enemy kept possession of the portion they had taken for three-quarters of an hour, were there in force even after all the rest of their comrades had retreated, and but for a gallant charge of a handful of men from the Charleston Battalion, led by General Taliaferro in person, they would well nigh have taken our works. Our little band charged them at the point of the bayonet, and either killed, wounded, or took possession of the whole party. If the enemy had been supported, I believe the Battery would have fallen.

Thus ended one of the most desperate little battles of this war. It was really fought by about 500 of our men against twelve regiments of the enemy, numbering about 8,000 in all, in two brigades. I visited the Battery yesterday, and went all over the battle-field. The dead and wounded were piled up in a ditch together, sometimes fifty in a heap, and they were strewn all over the plain for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. They had two negro regiments, and they were slaughtered in every direction. One pile of negroes numbered thirty. Numbers of both whites and blacks were killed on top our breastworks, as well as inside. The negroes fought gallantly, and were headed by as brave a Colonel as ever lived. He mounted the breastworks, waving his sword, and at the head of his regiment, and he and a negro orderly sergeant fell dead over the inner crest of the works. The negroes were as fine looking set as I ever saw—large, strong, muscular fellows. They were splendidly uniformed; but they do not know what they are fighting for. They say they were forced into it. I learned from prisoners that they are held in contempt by the white soldiers, and not only so, but that the white officers who command them are despised also. They are made to do all the drudgery of the army.

The enemy's loss was, according to the best estimates, 600 killed and about the same number wounded and prisoners together, while our loss, all told, was not more than 150.

The Colonel of one of the negro regiments has been recognized as a very wealthy gentleman from Boston.

The enemy sent a flag of truce over yesterday morning, asking to be allowed to bury their dead, but General Hagood, who has relieved General Taliaferro for the present, replied that *we* would attend to that. There was a kind of mutual agreement, however, that all operations should be suspended for the day, and while I was on the field about fifty Yankees came over, and were circulating freely among our working parties, cracking jokes and "cutting" at each other. I did not speak to them myself, but in company with a Lieutenant from the Battery, went up nearly to the enemy's rifle pits, and was in about fifty yards of three or four hundred of them. I went up to try to see the strength of their stockade work, and depth of the ditch in front of us, together with the number of guns, &c., in their batteries, but was unable to make any discoveries.

During the fight we assisted with such a fire as old Sumter was able to give, and all the time during the day while the enemy were firing so furiously on the Battery, we kept up a slow fire at their batteries, and now and then gave their monitors a turn. We were at the Battery from 9 o'clock Saturday till 3 o'clock Sunday morning, without scarcely leaving it. Wagner is uninjured. All it needs is heavier guns to keep off the fleet, and our Generals won't send these to them, for fear of the Battery's being taken and the guns being lost. If they be *not* sent I believe the Battery will fall, for it is now almost encircled with gunboats and batteries. The garrison holds out bravely, and if assisted, as it deserves to be, Wagner cannot be taken.

It is now 3 o'clock P. M. The bombardment was recommenced to-day, and still continues. The enemy's batteries have just opened on Sumter, and for the first time. Several shells have fallen inside the fort. A drummer-boy was wounded by a fragment a few moments ago. * * * *

Your affectionate son,

IREDELL JONES.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ., our Vice-President for the District of Columbia, has again shown his appreciation for our work in a way which the following correspondence will explain:

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 6, 1884.

*Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Secretary of the
Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va:*

My Dear Sir,—I have just obtained a very interesting and valuable document—being the original "Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America," bearing date February 8, 1861, and signed by the representatives of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, and it affords me pleasure to present it to your Society, which seems to me to be the proper custodian of such a relic.

I forward the document by Adams's Express Company to-day, and remain,
Very truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

OFFICE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NO. 7, LIBRARY FLOOR STATE CAPITOL,
RICHMOND, VA., February 7, 1884,

*W. W. Corcoran, Esq., Vice-President
Southern Historical Society for District of Columbia:*

My Dear Sir,—I have to-day received your esteemed favor of the 6th instant, and the express this afternoon brought the interesting and valuable historic document to which it refers.

Allow me, in behalf of the Society, to return you our warm thanks for this renewed expression of the deep, practical, and liberal interest you have shown in our work ever since our organization.

It is a source of peculiar gratification to us that one whose princely munificence has carried sunshine into so many desolated Southern homes, gladness to so many sorrowing hearts, should manifest so hearty an interest in our efforts to collect, collate, preserve and publish the material for a true history of the Government and people whose original Constitution you now place in our archives, doing us the honor to say that the Southern Historical Society seems to you "to be the proper custodian of such a relic."

We shall sacredly preserve this beautiful memento of the Confederacy, which

" ——— rose so white and fair,
And fell so pure of crimes";

and we shall not fail to suitably link with it the name of our honored benefactor, whose wise liberality enabled us first to begin the publication of our

records, and who has again and again contributed such valuable material to our collection.

You will be glad to know that we are hopefully working for the establishment of our Society on the firm basis of a fire-proof building for our archives, and a *permanent endowment*, which will ensure the carrying on of the work after those of us who are now engaged in it shall have passed away; and we assure you that we are greatly cheered in our efforts by such practical sympathy on the part of one whose liberality is only equalled by the wisdom with which he is accustomed to bestow it.

With best wishes and most fervent prayers for your continued health, happiness and usefulness, I am, with sentiments of highest respect and esteem,

Very truly yours,

J. WILLIAM JONES,
Secretary Southern Historical Society.

The Constitution is beautifully engrossed on parchment, and has on it the autograph signatures of the members then composing the Provisional Congress, and the certificate of the clerk as to its genuineness.

It is indeed an interesting and valuable addition to the priceless collection of the Southern Historical Society, and makes another strong argument for giving the Society fire-proof quarters at the earliest possible day.

RENEWALS WERE NEVER MORE "IN ORDER" than at the present, and we beg again that our many friends who are in arrears will promptly forward the amount due us.

AN APPEAL THAT SHOULD BE HEEDED comes to us in the following, which we cordially publish, and most heartily endorse. We are glad to learn that responses are coming in very handsomely from every quarter, and that, with an expected appropriation from the Virginia Legislature, the scheme promises to be a splendid success:

R. E. LEE CAMP, NO. 1, CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
RICHMOND, VA., January 15th, 1884.

The above Camp of "OLD CONFEDS" see and feel the necessity for concentrated effort to aid and care for the disabled of our comrades, who have no Government to bestow bounty upon them, and who must rely on those who experienced the hardship of soldier life, and those who have sympathy for them. We have had kindly greetings from the "Boys in Blue"—who *were* on the other side—and call on those of the "Gray" who may be disposed and able to assist us.

We have determined to hold a grand Fair in this city for the purpose indicated in May next, or as soon as we can, and would be grateful for such

contributions of money or merchandise as will make our efforts a success.
Please make prompt reply if you can help us.

With soldierly greetings, we are,
Your old comrade Confeds,

R. H. FOX,
J. B. McKENNY,
D. S. REDFORD,
J. T. FERRITER,
W. T. ASHBY,

Committee.

THE "MERCER CAVALRY," from Spotsylvania county, Virginia, commanded by *Lieutenant Waller*, and not the "Mercer county Cavalry," commanded by "Lieutenant Walker," as it was by some oversight put in Captain Frayser's account of Stuart's "Ride Around McClellan," was the company which charged with the Essex Dragoons when the lamented Latané fell.

We are indebted for this correction to our gallant friend Captain Willie Campbell, of Essex.

CORRECTIONS IN THE ROSTER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, which we published in our January-February number, have come from several sources, and we solicit others, if errors are found.

General N. H. Harris writes as follows :

VICKSBURG, MISS., February 4th, 1884.

Rev. J. William Jones, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va :

My Dear Sir,—In the January number SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, just received, page 8, appears : "Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, August 31st, 1864, page 13, Mahone's division, it is stated that Colonel Joseph M. Jayne was in command of Harris's brigade. This is an error ; I was in command of the brigade, and Colonel Joseph M. Jayne was in command of his regiment, the Forty-eighth Mississippi. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas B. Manlove, of the Forty-eighth regiment, by my assignment, was in command of the Twelfth regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Duncan, of the Nineteenth regiment, by my assignment was in command of the Sixteenth regiment.

If there are as many errors made as to other commands, the compilation is not a very valuable one. General Humphreys, in his "Virginia Campaign of 1864 and '65," Appendix C., page 416, is more accurate, though his

roster was evidently made upon returns dated about the first of the month of August, as the changes in my own command will show.

Yours very truly,

N. H. HARRIS.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our readers will remember the name of Mrs. Waller in connection with our report of the Reunion of Morgan's men last July. The following announces her death:

"CHICAGO, December 15th, 1883.

*"Editor of Southern Historical Papers,
Richmond, Va.:*

"It is with profound sorrow that I announce the sudden death of Mrs. Sarah Bell Waller, at her residence on Ashland avenue in this city about 8 o'clock P. M. Thursday the 13th.

"The thousands of Confederate prisoners of war who survive their confinement in camp Douglas near this city during the war, will remember this lady as one of the most active and efficient of those noble-hearted ladies who devoted themselves during the four long years of the existence of this noted prison-pen to the alleviation of their situation in providing for the sick, and clothing naked and destitute prisoners. The destitute prisoners of Fort Donelson—Island No. 10—Arkansas Post, &c., &c., have cause to remember with gratitude her kind and efficient ministrations to their necessities at that time, and it has been a matter of surprise to those who knew of her work in behalf of the prisoners, that recognition of her services has not been recorded in your PAPERS by some of those who were the beneficiaries of her labors, long, long ago.

"Yours truly, "W. O. GEORGE."

In the recent death of Ex-Governor John Letcher, at his residence in Lexington, Virginia, there has passed away one of the ablest, most fearless and most incorruptible of the Confederate "War Governors."

He carried through life the soubriquet he won in the old United States Congress—"Honest John Letcher, the watch-dog of the treasury," and in his death Virginia has lost one of her ablest statesmen—one of her purest patriots.

"Peace to his ashes!"

GENERAL J. F. GILMER, the able and accomplished Chief of Engineers of the Confederacy, died at Savannah several weeks ago, and we have been waiting for a promised sketch of his distinguished services, which we regret has not come in time for this issue.

Literary Notices.

"SECRET SERVICE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES IN EUROPE." By Captain JAMES D. BULLOCK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes. Price \$6.

We have received this book (through Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond) and have only space to say now that it is of thrilling interest, and great historic value, and as the edition is limited we would advise all desiring a copy to procure it at once. We propose hereafter a full review.

We are indebted to *Mrs. De Renne*, of Savannah, for a really superb edition of Major Daniel's address at the unveiling of the Lee figure at Lexington. Following the example of her distinguished husband, Mrs. De Renne has had an edition of one hundred copies gotten up in the highest style of the book-maker's art, with beautiful engravings, fine binding, etc.

"CONTRIBUTIONS TO A HISTORY OF THE RICHMOND HOWITZERS. Pamphlet No. 2," is a worthy successor to No. 1, which we would advise all to secure by ordering at once from Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond, Va. We have not room to say more now.

THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, 1861 TO 1865, INCLUDING A BRIEF PERSONAL SKETCH AND A NARRATIVE OF HIS SERVICES IN THE WAR WITH MEXICO, 1846-8. By ALFRED ROMAN, formerly Colonel of the Eighteenth Louisiana Volunteers, afterwards Aide-de-Camp and Inspector-General on the Staff of General Beauregard. In two volumes, Volumes I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. Sold only by subscription.

We have received our copy through *Rev. I. T. Wallace, Agent, Richmond, Va.*

We have not yet had time to give this book, as we propose doing, a careful reading, and we must reserve until then any full notice or review of it. But we may say now that no narrative of the "Military Operations of General Beauregard," even fairly well written, could fail to be of interest, while one written by the facile pen of Judge Roman, aided by General Beauregard's personal supervision, as well as by his papers, in its preparation, could not fail to be of absorbing interest and great historical value.

A gallant soldier and accomplished engineer in the old United States army, one of the brightest of the galaxy of young officers who so gallantly distinguished themselves in the Mexican war, and certainly among the most accomplished soldiers which the late war produced, General Beauregard's contribution to our history has been eagerly looked for, and will be widely read.

There will be, of course, honest differences of opinion as to some things which the book contains, and regret on the part of some of his warmest admirers that certain things had not been left unsaid; but General Beauregard is entitled to a hearing at the bar of history, and the book will find a place in Libraries generally, which pretend to anything like fullness in their historic collections.

The Harpers have gotten up the book in their usual beautiful style, and it is, in paper, type and binding, a fine specimen of the book-maker's art.